Dut. Thy life answer?

Enter Servant with Boots.

Yor. Bring my Boots, I will unto the King.

Dut. Strike him *Aumerle.* Poore boy, thou art amaz'd,
Hence Villaine, never more come in my sight.

Yor. Give me my Boots I say.

Dut. Why *Yorke*, what wilt thou doe?
Wilt thou not hide the trespasse of thine owne?
Have we more sonnes? Or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunke up with time?
And wilt thou plucke my faire sonne from mine Age,
And rob me of a happy mothers name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine owne?

Yor. Thou fond and mad woman,
Wilt thou conceale this darke conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have tane the Sacrament,
And enterchangeably set downe their hands
To kill the King at Oxford.

Dut. He shall be none:
Wee'l keepe him here: then what is that to him?

Yor. Away fond woman: were he twenty times my sonne, I would appeach him.

Dut. Hadst thou groan'd for him, as I have done,
Thou wouldest be more pittifull:
But now I know thy minde; thou do'st suspect
That I have beene disloyall to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy sonne:
Sweet *Yorke*, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee, as a man may be,
Not like to me, nor any of my Kin,
And yet I love him.

Yor. Make way, unruly woman. *Exit.*

Dut. After *Aumerle.* Mount thee upon his Horse,
Spurre post, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon, ere he doe accuse thee,
Ile not be long behinde: though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorke:
And never will I rise up from the ground,

Till *Bullingbrooke* have pardon'd thee: Away, be gone, *Ex.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Percy, and other Lords.

Bul. Can no man tell of my unthrifty sonne?
'Tis full three monthes since I did see him last.
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he:
I would to heaven (my Lords) he might be found,
Enquire at London, 'mongst the Tavernes there:
For there (they say) he daily doth frequent,
With un-restrained loose Companions,
Even such (they say) as stand in narrow Lanes,
And rob our watch, and beate our passengers,
Which he (young wanton, and effeminate Boy)
Takes on the poynt of honour, to support
So dissolute a crew.

Per. My Lord, some two dayes since I saw the Prince,
And told him of these triumphes held at Oxford.

Bul. And what sayd the Gallant?

Per. His answer was, he would unto the stewes,
And from the common'st creature plucke a glove
And weare it as a favour, and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Bul. As dissolute as desp'rate, yet through both,
I see some sparks of better hope: which elder dayes
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the King?

Bul. What meanes my Cosin, that he stares
And lookes so wildely? (iesty

Aum. God save your Grace, I doe beseech your Ma-
To have some conference with your Grace alone.

Bul. Withdraw your selves, and leave us here alone,
What is the the matter with our Cosin now?

Aum.